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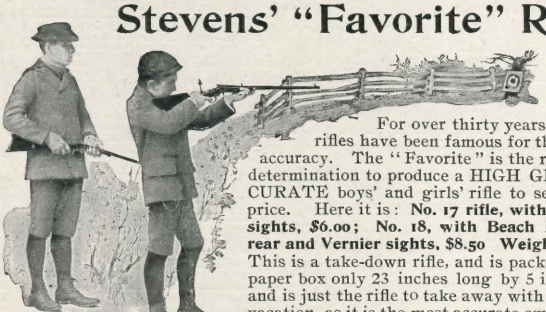

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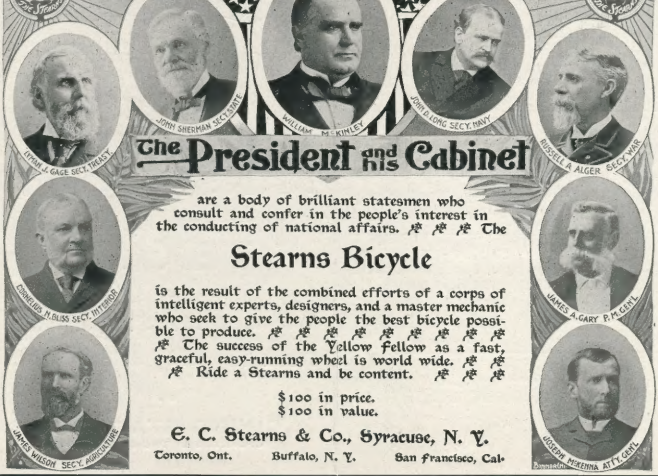

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Published by

A. L. SWIFT & CO., COLLEGE PUBLICATIONS

New York : : : Chicago

Broadway and 25th Street, Townsend Bldg. 180 Monroe Street

AUGUST..1897

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ENTERED AT CHICAGO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER

Edited by Charles Fletcher Scott.

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Cover Design . . . . . Carl Werntz

Frontispiece . . . . . Jane Ames
"Looking over the wall to the white cloud piled in the south."

When Love is Young . . . . . Charles Fletcher Scott
With illustration by Carl Werntz.

Comparison . . . . . Laura Lee

Across the Bay . . . . . William Chandler Bagley
Illustration by Thos. H. Lacy.

In the Shadow of the Wall . . . . . Zona Gale
With illustration by Jane Ames.

Celia . . . . . Charles Bracy Lawton
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"Looking over the wall to the white clouds piled in the south."

See "In the Shadow of the Wall."

"A little harmless gossip."

FOUR O'CLOCK
AUGUST

WHEN LOVE IS YOUNG.

Teddie sat on the batter's bench, the arms of his sweater tied around his neck, so that the "A. H. S" came just across his shoulders, and as he stooped over to tie his shoestring the letters looked up saucily at the sun and at the grand stand.

There was one "particular flower-garden hat" in that grand stand which was tipped, at a precipitous angle, over an interested, enthusiastic stare. The stare rested for a moment on Teddie's sweater, and then lost itself in the wire netting.

"They are all out today," she was saying. "Who are those people in the swell trap over there by the fence?"

She did not hear the answer, for Teddie was fumbling with the bats. He picked up the one with the green stripe, shook it vigorously, then marched back to the bench. Kathryn watched him press his cleets into the soft soil.

"Striker out!" the umpire called, and as the man at bat retired, Teddie left the bench. When Kathryn looked up Teddie was shaking his bat at the pitcher while he balanced on his toes. Somehow, she knew Teddie couldn't miss that ball, he stood there so bravely.

The pitcher tied himself up in a knot and Kathryn looked away. When she looked again Teddie was throwing down the bat and the umpire was calling "Side out!"

When Teddie took his place on second he forgot to dance up and down as he had intended. "But," he thought, "I must do something that the league players do," so he spit on his gloves and slapped his hands hard.

For some reason he felt relieved when the first man struck out. There was more relief when the umpire called two strikes on the next man. In the slight delay which followed his roving eye sought that "particular flower-garden hat."

It seemed a great way to the grand stand, and then there were so many hats—that must be it at the edge of the wire. There was a sudden whack, and his senses came back with a jump, but somehow that "particular flower-garden hat" kept getting in the way of the ball which bounded over the ground toward him. He dived at it and fumbled. There was a great deal of cheering from the opposition.

Teddie looked at the fence and tried to imagine himself disappearing over it. What would she think? What was she saying? It made him mad when the "Short" pulled in two "hot liners" in succession.

"Lucky dog," he said to himself as he buttoned his glove at his belt and started for the bench.

Kathryn's interest in the game now lagged, and she found out who the people were in the smart trap. She also indulged in a little harmless gossip about the girl on the front seat. She had seen that girl applaud Teddie's fumble. Her interest did not return to the game till Ted again stood before the catcher tapping the home plate restlessly with his bat. Even then she did not look until she heard a few scattered cheers. Ted was trotting toward first, slapping his trowsers with his cap.

His spirits were up now, but unfortunately he was left at third. Yet Kathryn was happy. It wasn't so much "what he did" but "how he did it."

"The girl with 'that particular flower-garden hat' burned with anger."

The game was close. At the end of the "eighth" the score stood six to six. The opposition came to bat, pounded nine holes in the air, and retired to the field. When Ted stood again in the batter's box the crowd had quieted down into an intense anxiety. The cheering seemed to have died for lack of breath, and the flags and colors rippled in subdued wonder. The "coaches" sat upon the ground in mute anticipation, while the pitcher's right arm described circles of great magnitude and dignity before he released the ball. His cool exterior, however, was only a mask for his inward feeling, and he threw four wild balls.

"Good eye!" the coach yelled, as Ted took his place on first. There was another lull. Ted bent over the ground and stole carefully toward second. Once the pitcher drove him back, but all undaunted he stole off a little farther. When the pitcher's arm started its great circle, he sprang forward and away he went toward second.

"Now for a slide," he said to himself. With a little spring he dived at the ground; there was a slight grating under his shirt front and then his fingers grasped the canvas bag. In a moment he was sitting upon second, looking up saucily at the baseman, while the roar of the crowd lulled in his ears.

Ted took another lead and stole up to third. The very air seemed tense with anxiety, as two men in succession struck out. But Teddie kept creeping forward and back along the line, every nerve stretched toward home. The "coach" warned him, yet his feet followed his desire. The pitcher made a false motion as if to throw to third. Ted made a sudden recoil—too sudden, for his cleets gave way, and in a moment he was sprawling on the ground. There was a wild yell from the crowd, and he crawled, rather wriggled, till at last his fingers touched the bag. "Why, what was the matter?" "What had happened?" the crowd were yelling like a lot of maniacs. He glanced toward the grand stand. Hats and canes and colors and coats were flying over the heads of the spectators. Now he heard the angry voice of the coach, "Go home, you fool!" and home Ted flew. "What happened?" he asked, breathless. "Error for the pitcher," said the "coach." "Threw over Third's head." And then Ted was carried away on the shoulders of the "rooters."

"The one with the green stripe."

FOUR O'CLOCK
AUGUST

When Teddie was released he went to find that "particular flower-garden hat."

Kathryn was waiting for him at the gate, happy in her concealed pride; she was saying, "Wasn't it a good game?" when that smart trap drew up and stopped.

"Oh, Teddie," called the girl from the front seat, "you are a hero; we owe the game to you. I am so glad!"

And the girl of that "particular flower-garden hat" burned with anger, but she had learned what to say next time.

[Charles Fletcher Scott.

COMPARISON

My darling, you are like the rose
  Within your garden blooming,
Who, subtly sweet, each breeze that blows
  Is graciously perfuming.

You've heard so much of praise from me
  That this bit may not strike you,
But ah, the rose is wild with glee
  At hearing it is like you.

[Lusta Lee.

ACROSS THE BAY

Out through the gloom of the early night
I strain my eyes till I think I see
The flickering gleam of a distant light
Coming across the bay to me.

Another flickers and gleams afar,
And another yet, till they seem to make
A golden chain from the harbor's bar
To the long gray beach where the billows break.

The stars peep out in the eastern sky,
And the west is losing its tinge of red.
A purple flush is the last to die,
It fades away, and the day is dead.

But not the glories of nature's crown,
Nor the infinite beacons of space I see,
Only the lights of a distant town
Coming across the bay to me.

Coming across from the further shore,
Dancing and glinting from crest to crest,
Till they flash from the blade of my lifted oar,
And fall, like a shower of gems, to rest.

And hope grows stronger each length I gain,
And my heart is light, as it needs must be,
When I think of the face that against the pane,
Watches across the bay for me.

[William Chandler Bagley.

FOUR O'CLOCK
AUGUST

The bees were humming in the red clover across the road. Monk Gregory could hear them beyond the high wall of the monastery—the high, uneven wall that cut the view of clover fields and of road, yellow in the slanting sun. In the garden where he sat the trees were tall and silent in the drowsy air; the fountain fell gurgling to its basin, and a brown butterfly shot perilously near the spray. The turf was green and fragrant, and cut by graveled walks, bordered with English violets. On the grass and the violets was etched the shadow of the wall.

Monk Gregory was young. His face was square and strong in spite of delicacy of the features and the texture of its skin; his eyes were gray and well shaded, and his mouth curved, like a woman's, above the firm chin. He had been six years in the convent.

Across the garden where the sun fell hottest was one of the novitiates, idle on a wooden bench. The monk noted him absently and recalled that he had not once seen his face. The novitiate's head was turned from him now.

The book of Latin verse which Monk Gregory had been reading was lying face downward on the bench beside him; he was looking over the wall to the white clouds piled in the south, showing silver through the apple boughs. In the branches was the picture of a face, white and pink as the blossoms, with a ruffle of muslin about its throat; he looked and smiled a little wearily, then he picked up the Latin verses and dropped his chin on his breast to read. Was it always to go on so, he wondered; was he always and everywhere—at service, at prayers, at the altar itself—to see her face?

But he raised his eyes to the branches again; the image had been unusually plain to-day; almost as plain as last night when he found it watching him from the blackness of his cell wall. Could it be that she needed him, that the sad face came before him, insisting? He tried to smile at his fancy; instead he let fall the book of Latin verse, and arose, his fingers interwoven. Among the branches there was assuredly a little face, pink and white as the blossoms and with a ruffle of muslin. She was five and tiny, and

clad in a little blue frock and white apron; her curls fell brown about her face. She was seated on the broad top of the high wall holding to an out-reaching bough, and she was regarding him solemnly.

"Child—"

Monk Gregory's breath was coming quickly, and his voice was uncertain. It had been years since he had seen a little child. He stepped close to the apple tree.

"Take heed lest ye fall," he said over mechanically, a warning hand outstretched. The little one understood.

"I won't fall," she said, "I've got the branch. I guess you'll have to help me down, though."

He stared at her, amazed: what ought he to do with this small invader? If he bade her go back, she would fall surely. "Come!" she commanded, holding out her short arms.

Monk Gregory looked over his shoulder: the chapel bell had just rung: the novitate, filling him with a strange reminding distaste as he went, was hurrying to prayers. No one would be in the garden for half an hour. He raised his hands.

"Be careful," he said, uncertainly, "Now jump."

She sprang unhesitatingly in to his arms, her soft little hands striking his shoulders and slipping about his neck.

"I was afraid," she said, "I didn't know what to do till I saw you."

He lowered her carefully to the ground, saying nothing, and her warm little left hand closed promptly about two of his fingers.

"I've got on my new shoes," she remarked, surveying them, "an' now they're all dusty."

Gregory looked down at her: she was so little—hardly above his hand as she clasped it. She was walking confidently beside him across the grass to the bench where he had been sitting: his book of Latin verses lay on the ground.

"How did you come here?" he asked her, hesitating, "And you must go, you know, at once. Where do you live?"

She looked up at him with a bit of reproach in her face. "I think I'll stay here," she said, seriously, "till I'm rested. You see I walked such a long way. Mamma

is not feeling well," she went on, "an' I had been along here the other day. An' I got Franz—I got a boy at the hotel who said I wasn't to tell, to carry down the ladder from the hotel for me. I gave him my five cents to do it: an' so I climbed over."

She was looking about the garden curiously, at the fountain and the neat beds of flowers.

"But what made you want to climb over?" asked the monk, gaining time to know how to send her away. "What did you think there would be over here?"

"Oh, I don't know," she answered, inconsequently, "I thought there would be something in-ter-est-ing."

She said the word carefully, planning each syllable, and turning her face to his. Monk Gregory covered his face with his hands.

How they were like—hers, those great, calm eyes that trusted infinitely. How the tendrils of brown hair, blown on her forehead, were like hers! He loathed himself that he could not lose the memory: then he uncovered his eyes to look again. The child was watching him curiously.

"That was the way mamma did," she said, "when we drove by here yesterday. That was what made me want to see over. I don't do that to my eyes."

He caught her hand almost roughly.

"Tell me," he said, "who your mother is?"

She shrank back frightened, and her lip trembled.

"My mamma is mamma Prey," she said, half crying, "an' I am 'Lizabeth: an' you hurt my hand."

He released her, repenting—thanking God that the name was unknown to him. The child slipped from the bench and stood beside him. He reached hesitatingly and touched a wave of the hair on her temple. Once long ago he had leaned forward so, and lifted a straying lock of hair, brown like this, to his lips, reverently. Afterward she had lied to him. He shuddered and let the soft strand fall.

"Come," he commanded, rising, "now you must go, They will be looking for you. I—"

He had remembered the hour: the shadow of the wall had crept across the garden: in a moment the monks would come from the chapel. He must take her to the gate—tell the steward. Then he cried out suddenly, for she danced away from him up the path.

"The monks saw her and stood astonished."

"I want to see what's here!" she called to him, her childish treble ringing across the still garden, "You can't come!"

She darted across the walk, her little feet flying toward the chapel. Before she reached it, the door was opened and the monks came forth. Chapel was over. The child stood still, frightened at sight of the tall, black-gowned figures. Monk Gregory was close behind her. She turned

suddenly, and buried her face in his robe. Then the monks saw her and stood astonished. Gregory was pale and silent, looking down at the brown head and the little hands. The abbot spoke out sharply:

"Whose is the child?"

Gregory bowed his head. "Father," he said, "I know not. She came in by the wall in the garden. I feared lest she fall."

There was a surprised silence for a moment. Then a ruddy brother in the chapel peered curiously over another's shoulder, and leaned and laughed and whispered. The child sobbed. Gregory caught the insult and heard her sob, as if she had known. He bent and raised her in his arms, and she clung to him, still sobbing, her clasp about his neck pushing back his cowl. He was very pale as he faced them.

"She is staying at the hotel," he explained, simply; "I will take her there. It is an errand of mercy."

But before he turned the novitiate came from the chapel, having stayed to prostrate himself at the altar alone; he came pushing by the others—his look on the ground. The child, as Gregory turned with her, raised her face.

"My God!" the novitiate cried.

For the first time Gregory saw his face; then he kept on his way, carrying the child, his own face set like a death-mask. The novitiate turned, telling his beads, and mingled with the rest, keeping on toward the refectory; but when Gregory and the child had passed out by the main way and along the road, the other burst from a postern gate and joined them.

The monk was resting his cheek on the curls of the child, soothing her; crooning words of tenderness and assurance, mocking himself, as every childless man and woman will, with the pitiful play that the baby was his. The novitiate strode beside him down the shadowy road, and the monk, only half conscious of his presence, muttered on to the child. Then the novitiate could bear it no longer.

"Brother!" he said.

Gregory ceased his murmurings, but he did not turn.

"You do not send me back?" pleaded the other. Still he was silent; his arms about his precious burden, his cheek on her hair. When he spoke he had not raised his face.

"It is true, then," he said. "It is—her child?"

"Yes," answered the other.

Gregory murmured on to the child, mumbling forgotten phrases of tenderness. Once he raised his eyes to speak, but his cheeks crimsoned, and he was silent. So they kept on together, the afterglow staining the child's face. The dark came creeping down, and in their ears was the sound of the marsh things. Once the novitiate said:

"Can you let me carry her for a little, brother?"

Gregory shook his head.

After a little the novitiate stretched out his hand and touched a fold of the little muslin apron, and walked on, holding it between his thumb and finger. So they came to the hotel.

A woman with flowers in her lap was wrapped in a sheltered corner of the veranda, and idly watched the two figures grow out of the dark. In a moment a white-capped maid came to the window carrying the child.

"Madam," she said, half crying, "I must tell you now that it is well over. The little Elizabeth—she has been lost these two hours, and the good monks have brought her back. She had got as far as the convent."

The woman threw aside her shawl and stretched out her arms.

"How could you, Lucette?" she cried, reproachfully. "Come to me, Elizabeth! Kiss me—kiss me! Oh, the warm little arms!"

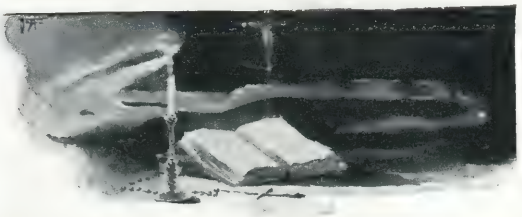
Then she leaned to the railing.

"Good men," she called, "Will you let me give you something for this kindness? Something for the chapel, perhaps?"

The two, moving down the walk, did not turn or answer her.

"But they are rude!" she cried, clasping the child. "Were you not frightened, Elizabeth?"

[Zona Gale.



Celia hath a winning grace,
Something rare,
Not more winning than her fac
Or her hair.
Dimples play at hide and seek
All day long on Celia's cheek.
No one ever calls her meek
Or debonair.

Eyes of brown which send a gl
Here and there.
Do her beauty much enhance,
All declare.
Eyes which always seem to say
In a merry, careless way,
"Life is but a roundelay
Everywhere."

How she walks I scarce could t
Did I dare,
Lithesome like a lily's bell,
Light as air.
All she hath of tears and woes,
If at all such things she knows,
More with poetry than prose,
Will compare.

She can talk both warm and col
Ah, beware!
Filling hearts of young or old
With despair.
And I wonder, since she seems
To be made of dizzy dreams,
How she weaves such wily schen
To ensnare.

Celia's broken many hearts,
Was it fair?
She hath false and fickle arts,
I can swear.
Time is growing on apace—
Maidens taking Celia's place
Leave her but a broken vase,
Who will care?

[Charl

FOUR O'CLOCK
AUGUST

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Something rare,
Not more winning than her face
Or her hair.
Dimples play at hide and seek
All day long on Celia's cheek.
No one ever calls her meek
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Maidens taking Celia's place
Leave her but a broken vase,
Who will care?

[Charles Bracy Lawton.

The sophomore reception was over. Sparrow had gone in a party of one. He always went "stag" to the dances, reluctantly admitting that he was unable to get just the fellows he wished to dance with his sisters. Moreover, he did not want his relatives to know the distressingly insignificant part that he played in his class. Almost every man was identified by some peculiar act or accomplishment, but he seemed to be the echo of a name. He had encouraged himself in the belief that he was having a good time until the fellows stole his dances with unblushing impunity, and he was left, small, awkward, discomfited, in the middle of the room, while his partner that was to have been, flitted away with a reckless, guilty smile.

Now he felt tired and disgusted. His clothing stuck to him with a cold, clammy persistence, and he dragged one foot after the other in a nerveless, flagging manner, as if he had danced all his energy through the soles of his patent-leathers. Coming out into the cool morning air he gave an involuntary shiver. Wrapping a huge white neckerchief around his throat, and turning up his overcoat collar, he took out a package of cigarettes, lighted one, plunged his little hands into his pockets and sauntered down the street.

"I won't go to bed for two hours' sleep, and I'm too nervous to sleep anyway," he mused as he turned by the Observatory to cross the campus.

"Even that poor duffer is happier than I am." A tramp, fast asleep in a niche in the wall of the Observatory, provoked this reflection. "Yes, you expect nothing better than to be snubbed and trod upon, but my birth and station give me reason to expect a different reception from the world. You do not expect more than you get, poor fool, and yet I'll bet you grumble just as soon as you open your eyes." The shadows had been shortening very perceptably. All the purple was fading away in the east: first, the towers of the Scientific building, the chapel and Chemical hall; then the low, gray dormitories, and last the trees, were tipped with fire. The whole world seemed to be yawning and stretching itself for action. The birds in the trees

"And sauntered down the street."

had attempted a few uncertain notes and were now essaying some difficult cadenzas. A sharp whistle came from the direction of the canal, and a farm wagon lumbered lazily down the street. The rays continued to lengthen, until suddenly the great red ball shot up above the roof of one of the buildings. The glaring light struck the eyes of the tramp, who roused himself sluggishly and yawned.

"Wall, who yur starin' so darn much at?"

Sparrow started, then he stammered: "I—I was only wondering whether you were com—comfortable."

"'Spect a feller ter be comf't'ble in that p'sition, ye durned little sawed-off dude?"

Sparrow passed on. "Every one seems to have something against me," he thought, "and I don't see why, for I try to be companionable and agreeable. I even cultivate a mild habit of smoking and swearing, so that the class won't think me a prig."

Yes, poor little bundle of unattractive manners, he swore with a meritricious boldness that was very droll, and his attachment to smoking was a mock-heroic. Whenever he tried to be "one of the boys". he presented himself in a ridiculous light to his fellow-students, and suffered a keen blow to his own self-esteem. To-morrow he would graduate the youngest, brightest and most unpopular man in his class.

The college sport had guyed him about his "mincing sparrow-steps." He had immediately lengthened them to a full swinging stride, but the name stuck. In the spring many of his set, if he belonged to any specific group, frequented the athletic field for the purpose of jumping, running or vaulting. Stimulated by the eager descriptions that bubbled over at the dinner table, he tried walking, that safe refuge for all athletes who have not discovered their forte; but he could not get the motion. "Wasn't on to the wobble," as Morton, the genius, at that ridiculously unnatural sort of locomotion, had remarked. After succeeding in getting very red in the face, very much out of breath, very sick at the stomach and very much laughed at, he gave up and stuck to his old swinging gait.

As Sparrow proceeded toward his dormitory he saw a strange sight. He stopped, and his manner expressed immediate disapproval. "I suppose those fellows think they

are enjoying themselves. Gad! what consummate asses men can be." This uncomplimentary soliloquy as occasioned by the appearance of a dozen or more "Grads." who had just returned from the dance and were playing "horse" ball in front of Witherspoon. A barrel stave was the bat, a ripped tennis ball—and dancing cards for bases, completed the outfit. The following came to his ears:

"Now that's right: get on your toes: swat it a nasty one: keep your eyes peeled there, Jimmy, that pitcher's pretty foxy, you know: ya-a-ay, that's a corker: come in, everybody: you fellows are fruit."

Sparrow took his cigarette from his mouth, and spat angrily on the ground in his Liliputian wrath. "Now, that's what I call pure assininity. Talk about dialects and provincialisms. What did those fellows come to college for, anyway?" asked Sparrow, in dry, sarcastic tones. "And yet they get a great deal of amusement out of it. I think I must have a peculiar disposition. Oh! there's Ben Hollister. Hello! Ben: going across the campus?

"Yes," came reluctantly from a tall figure, striding toward the cannon.

"Been to the dance, Ben?" he asked, hurrying up.

"Well, this rig looks sort of that way, doesn't it?"

"Oh! I didn't notice: but who are these fellows?"

"'89 men."

"What are they doing?"

"Can't you see? Having a mock circus."

"Who's that fat fellow?" was Sparrow's next question, as he slid his hand, in a way meant to be familiar and friendly, on the shoulder of his terse, abrupt companion, who seemed to shrink away as from an unwelcome caress, or as if some one had invaded his personality.

Sparrow always had an unfailing supply of silly questions which he profusely lavished on every occasion. He said he could not forgive a lack of tact in any one, and yet, poor little unfortunate, he had a heavy load of sins on that very score.

Four other seniors joined these two, in that customary method of raillery and badinage common to college men. Sparrow tried to join in.

"Hello, Al! you look as tired as—as Ben does, when he tries to think: Ha, ha, ha!"

"How excruciatingly funny! Well, Sparrow, a man with no sense at all could have guessed that I was tired; and one who had seen me work through twenty-seven dances would be supposed to know it."

The four friends with Ben huddled closer together, and Sparrow found himself somewhat apart from the rest. He took a few steps toward them: "Say, fellows, who is that big duffer?"

The answer came with a brusque frankness, characteristic of the campus: "That is the greatest tackle that ever wore a football jacket, and any man who has ever heard of football is supposed to know him."

"Say, I'm tired of this. Let's go to our rooms," pleaded Sparrow, in his high, piping voice.

"Can't sight you yet, Sparrow," came from the crowd, and then Sparrow saw what he should have seen twenty minutes before. So with a sad, disappointed air, he trudged toward his room. He was angry and sullen, and the tone of the matin bell sounding from the little catholic church, sweet, peaceful, and mellowed by the distance, had not its old charm for him.

"Mister, gimme a shot?" asked a little town "mucker' who had a basket of potatoes on his arm.

Now Sparrow was punctillious in the matter of dress. He was scrupulously neat, and was often called the "Runt Ward McAllister." Thus, the prospect of having his clothes soiled was particularly offensive. The little mucker repeated his petition:

"Say, mister, ——"

"Cork up!" said Sparrow, striving after a stern intonation. But his back tingled with anticipation of the missile sure to come.

Thwack—and over into the dirt keeled his hat.

"You d——d little mucker, I'll ——"

"Now, now, Sparrow, you are not going to let a little potato disturb your philosophic calm!" This was said in a mock reproachful tone, by a tall, kind-looking fellow, who stood in the dormitory entrance.

"It wasn't only the potato," Sparrow flashed out, choking down a sob, and he rushed angrily up stairs. When he opened his door his little fox terrier leaped upon him with a bark of delight, and received a sharp cuff on the

are enjoying themselves. Gad! what consummate asses men can be." This uncomplimentary soliloquy as occasioned by the appearance of a dozen or more "Grads." who had just returned from the dance and were playing "horse" ball in front of Witherspoon. A barrel stave was the bat, a ripped tennis ball—and dancing cards for bases, completed the outfit. The following came to his ears:

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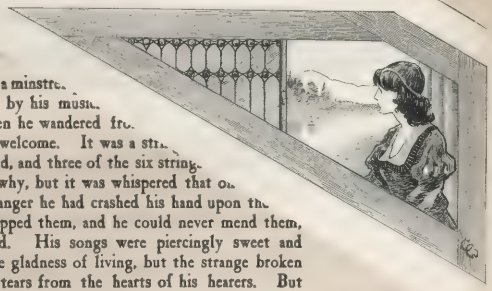


Long ago a minstre.
all the people by his musi.
some, and when he wandered fro.
where he was welcome. It was a str.
which he played, and three of the six string.
nobody knew why, but it was whispered that o.
fit of reckless anger he had crashed his hand upon th.
strings and snapped them, and he could never mend them, try as he would. His songs were piercingly sweet and radiant with the gladness of living, but the strange broken sadness wrung tears from the hearts of his hearers. But neither he nor they knew why.

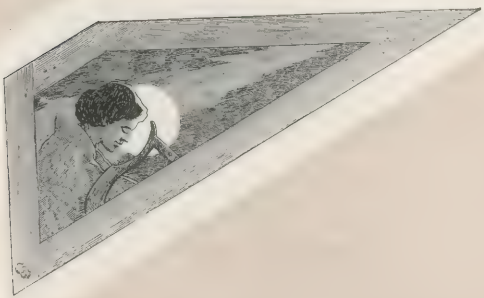
A lover knew the story, and one evening in the firelight he told it to his sweetheart, and half laughingly, half tenderly, he compared her to the lute: so brave and sweet and gay the music of her life, but with the strings so perilously delicate. And then he said the things that lovers say.

The days went by, in sorrow and in joy. Oftenest it is sunshine in the land of love, but sometimes clouds came up and spread across the sky. And then the woman said "forgive me." The man said only "I love you," and she leaned her head upon his breast and forgot all but that—for women can do this.

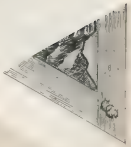
But a day came when the clouds rose black and ominous—whose the fault we know not and can never know—when the musician-lover crashed his hand upon the strings, roughly, carelessly, and they broke, forever.

She raised her head and smiled in the face of her world—for women can do that—and the delicate stringed instrument of her life gave out a song: piercingly sweet, and radiant with the gladness of living, but to the ear of the poet, filled with the sadness of a broken heart. And the man did not even know what he had done.

[Jean Wright.



THE BROKEN LUTE



Long ago a minstrel played through the land and won all the people by his music. He was gallant and handsome, and when he wandered from house to house everywhere he was welcome. It was a stringed instrument on which he played, and three of the six strings hung broken: nobody knew why, but it was whispered that one day in a fit of reckless anger he had crashed his hand upon the taut strings and snapped them, and he could never mend them, try as he would. His songs were piercingly sweet and radiant with the gladness of living, but the strange broken sadness wrung tears from the hearts of his hearers. But neither he nor they knew why.

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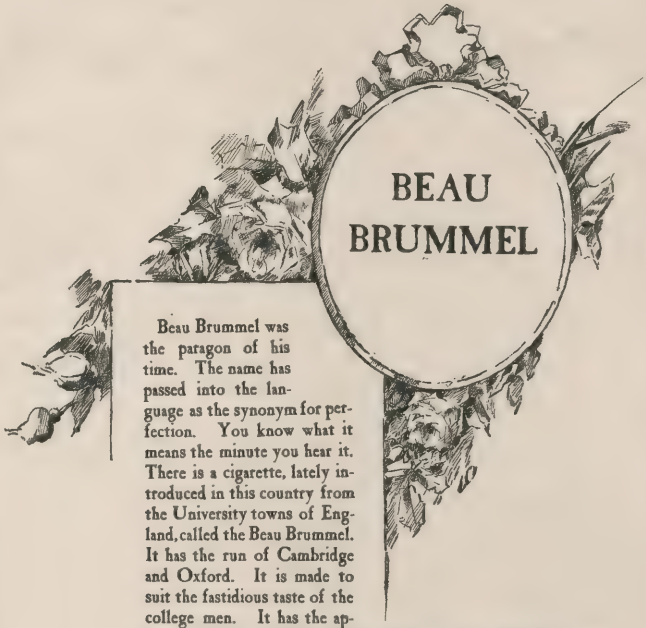
[Jean Wright.

It is midnight, and her note reached me at noon,
twelve hours ago—
And I have lived twelve years since then—
Long years they seem, full of sorrow's blackest tarns.
Each moment has been spent in reading these last words of hers,
Or in remembering those she spoke to me—so different far—
You see— I saw her once—and loved her—
And, ere long, this changing fate of ours
Which sometimes deals us lucky cards from her too wiser hand,
Fate, I say, let our hands touch each other
And let me read the depths of dreaming eyes—
And hear her voice, which sweeter was, than my dreams
of it had been,
So, I loved her more, if that could be—
We talked that night of only outward things,
Art—and books—and songs that all men love—
But not a word of that mystery divine that makes the pulses throb
And since that night, on five successive breathing days,
did Heaven surround us,
While I told her that I loved her—I, too weak and
Not perceiving that her outward mask of kindness
Covered only the soul, unmoved—unanswering at my touch—
Ah well! Always did I believe in what the wise men call
a common soul—
A great heart, from which all those who truly know
each other come—
So, now I feel that she and I were not evolved from
one same universal king—
Or, were that so perhaps, in one of lives long past,
I scorned her, loving me, and now Nemesis stretches her
avenging hand between us—
Oh God! But I have loved her! No—Love! that
knowledge is very misery—
How have I wandered—Her note—whose every word
has paid its forfeit with a sigh—
It says—"Words are too weak to thank you for the
flowers you sent."
(An outsider might not understand by that—a girl's exaggeration
But love makes intuition keen), "I shall enjoy their beauty,
For their own sake, as well as for their donors—
(A sweet woman would always say as much) then,
"Perhaps some unkind thoughts
Of me have filled your mind since last we parted"—
(For only silence had filled the dreary days since she
had left me—)
"If so, you know that I've been ill." (Good God,
how was I to know)

"And you must pardon a sick girl's shortcomings"—
(Then the last)
"I'm leaving town again for a few days, so cannot see you.
It may be we shall meet again, who knows, the world
is very small.
However, believe me, yours most truly, H. M. Osborne."
That is all—And yet, tomorrow I shall laugh and talk
And play my part in this tumultuous game we call "our life"—
Why could she not have signed it "Helen," as her last
note had been—
Ah, yes, the postscript—"I take this opportunity to
return the book which I enjoyed."—
I've read her words, now, many times and find that they
but say,—Indifference.
And yet, I love her—Is no pride left me?—None
to-night, it seems—
But were she only with me! Say, with not one throb
of her heart for mine—
I could be happy—but only, just her words, "We may
meet, the world is small"—
Oh, large enough for her and me to wander far,
To lose the sweet remembrance of each others touch—
And after that, to sink away and be at peace—
Dear God! Please grant that we may meet each other
in those other hours,
When all games have been played, both sad and sweet—
And we may understand as we cannot do here!
Did I say 'twas midnight! Aye, long, long past,
What matters it—she is not here.

[Martha C. Guerin



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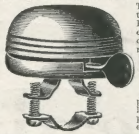

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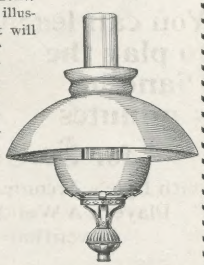

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